

# THE ATHENS POST.

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

ATHENS, TENN., FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1850.

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## THE POST.

ATHENS, FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1850.

A GEM.—In the mass of verbiage which usually characterizes the Congressional debates, there are occasionally found some of the brightest jewels. The following is the remark of Mr. Clay, in allusion to Mr. Benton's declaration that he would agree to no compromise on the admission of California:

"There are, no doubt, many men who are very wise in their own estimation, who will reject all propositions of compromise, but there is no reason why a compromise should not be attempted to be made. I go for honorable compromise whenever it can be made. Life itself is but a compromise between death and life, the struggle continuing through our whole existence, until the great destroyer finally triumphs. All legislation, all government, all society, is formed upon the principle of mutual concession, politeness, civility, courtesy; upon these, everything is based. I bow to you to-day because you bow to me. You are respectful to me because I am respectful to you. Compromise is peculiarly appropriate among the members of a republic, as of one common family. Compromises have this recommendation, that if you concede anything, you have something conceded to you in return. Treaties are compromises made with foreign Powers, contrary to what is done in a case like this. Here, if you concede anything, it is to your own brethren, to your own family. Let him who elevates himself above humanity, above its weakness, its infirmities, its wants, its necessities, say, if he pleases, I never will compromise, but let no one who is not above the frailties of our common nature disdain compromise."

WASHINGTON, June 29.

The dispatches received at the State Department, from Havana, by the steamer *Ohio*, are highly important.

The Cuban authorities will detain the Contoy prisoners for formal trial. It is said that they are backed in this determination by the English Government.

Whether the United States can interfere to prevent their trial, is questionable. It is understood, however, that there are to be no executions in any event, and it would seem from this that the trial was to take place for the purpose of bringing out all the facts, rather than for any other object. No serious misunderstanding exists between the Cuban authorities and our Government. The news from New Mexico, in relation to the formation of a Territorial Government there, is a subject of much interest here. The two Senators from Texas have had an interview with the President on the subject, and I apprehend there will be no difficulty about it. The President does not oppose a fair arrangement of the Texas boundary.

THE CHOLERA.—We are sorry to say, is getting worse from day to day as will be seen by our official report of burials, and a bad feature in the case is,—its spread in the vicinity of the city. Hitherto, in its visitations, it has confined itself pretty much to one locality; but at present it has leaped all its old bounds, and is slaying with a malignity quite startling. This fatality now is the greatest in the country on the other side of the river, and is especially severe upon the negro population, seeming in its virulence to set medicine at defiance. We hope to chronicle a better condition of things soon, but at present things look gloomy enough.—*Nash. Banner*, July 2.

An editor out west threw the Cuban flag from his window when he heard of the landing of Lopez, and himself from the same place, when he heard of his retreat.

Two hundred and ninety six thousand eight hundred and seventy squares of glass were destroyed in four divisions of the city of Dublin during a recent storm, the value of which is estimated at upwards of \$105,000.

## INTERESTING LETTER.

PANAMA CITY.

New Grenada, June 1, 1850.

Mr. Ivins:—Dear Sir: Having arrived in this extraordinary city on the 29th, and having a few leisure hours, I have concluded to present you, agreeably to request, with an abridged account of our voyage thus far. Left Knoxville, Tenn., on the 6th May, 1850—came by Athens, Dalton, Atlanta, Augusta, and arrived in Charleston on the 13th, and with eleven others in company, left Charleston on the morning of the 16th; were in the Bay all day waiting the arrival of the steamer *Georgia*, and all but one became sea sick—about sunset were aboard of the splendid Ship *Georgia*; Stage and Rail road fare \$21, not including board. Passed Savannah before day—course S. E., 72 feet water—the coast of Florida, on our right, in view hundreds of miles. Sunday 19th, a pleasant morning—no land in view—course S. 40 feet water. Captain Porter gives notice that no passenger must go ashore at Havana without his authority, cholera and yellow fever there, and if any should be permitted to go ashore must carry no weapons, the law being rigid. At noon Cuba in view—see mountains—5 p. m. arrived in the Harbor, thousands of Spanish eyes upon us, hundreds of sail here, and the flags of many nations wave in the breeze. The population of Havana is estimated at 130,000. As we could not go to shore, could see but a small portion of the city—in point of magnificence, however, it will not compare with the large cities of the States. The Fort, on a high bluff, may from the surface of the water be some 200 feet in height, with a Spanish flag on top, with the sign of the crown. Monday, 20th, taking in coal—city under martial law, look for an invasion every day—were jealous of us, said our Captain must leave on the second evening, he informed them he would go when he got ready—150 leave for New Orleans and French's route to California—see driver hitch the horse in a carriage, drawing it and the passenger behind him, and when 6 horses are worked, there are 3 drivers, one on each near horse; this would be novel in the States—natives labor with pans on but no shirts—and some go naked—Tuesday, 9 a. m. leave, 1000 passengers aboard, 22 men, weigh anchor, S. 70 W., going along the coast of Cuba—see many mountains, would like to travel a few days here—5 p. m. no land in view, course W. a delightful breeze, the sea rough, and the ship rocking, sail spread—Wednesday, 30th, 40 E., windy all night, and all day a full sea—sail a passenger vomiting cried, "Adama the gold!"—Friday, 24th, all getting well of sea sickness, one singer said to another, "that he never knew till now, why so many damned dogs were starved to Heaven, but that it was because the city was paved with gold, and they are going there to obtain it." Very well thought I let them get what is signified by the precious metal, and that will do.—Wash Deck every morning by an engine—sounded and found 11 latitudes water; looked at latitude and longitude and found ourselves 330 miles from Chagres—Sun at noon perpendicular—6 p. m. passed Providence Island, a barren uninhabited ledge of mountains. If any of the McMin people wish to live the life of a hermit, just let them come here.—Saturday, 25th 9 a. m. no land in view—half past 4 the latitudes in view.—8 p. m. arrived in the Bay of Chagres—Sunday, 26th, half past 2, a m. leave in small boats, going up Chagres river, one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, over a hundred yards wide at the mouth—Broadest at Gatun, 10 miles, a miserable Indian town, but an American Hotel, good—I presume the river scenery is among the richest and most sublime of the Almighty's works in this lower world. Natives carry clothes in large gourds; all the tropical fruits grow here, Spanish cattle, Monkeys and a quantity of other animals are here, and the feathered tribe are perfectly at home—notice a family of young alligators along the river—the natives are a mixture of Indian, Spanish, Negro, and probably much else—they speak Spanish, our boats are from 5 to 10 feet wide, from 20 to 30 long, some dug out, and others frame work, were rowed and pulled by natives, sometimes naked and at other times not quite, and as void of shame or modesty as a horse. These houses made of reeds, covered with palm leaf, dirt floor, fire in the middle, no chimneys, no beds, sleep on some cowhides and on hammocks, no yard fences, hogs and dogs lie in the house, cattle come close up, white and clean, but it is only one garment at a time among females, every thing else is filthy, very filthy. The surface of the country is level, 60 miles to Gorgona, an Indian town, very filthy, the soil remarkably rich—if under the government of the States, and settled by them, would be one of the first countries in the world, the river runs lowly, and cannot become stagnant, the water is clear and good for use, there is however much filth in it, thousands of small boats ascend and descend, it is a great highway, shrubbery and trees so thick over its banks the eye cannot penetrate far; the river scenery is sublime beyond expression.—It has never entered into the heart and pencil of man, and never will, to draw a picture to the life, it beggars description.—Some trees grow up into the ground, and others grow up into heaven, one standing alone under its branches measured 40 yards one way, and 42 yards the other, at right angles, 40 miles from the mouth of Chagres, an Indian town and fresh water spring, and also a chalybeate—walk 10 miles from here to day over an astonishingly rich country, but not cultivated or improved.—Tuesday, 6th, p. m. leave Gorgona, a filthy town of some size, took a baton in the river here, packed my trunk and another on a steer at Cruces at 1 p. m. left the river at this town, 70 miles from its mouth. This Spanish town, Cruces, is the largest along the river, and very filthy indeed—an American Hotel here, and also at Gorgona. The face of the country here resembles that of Newport and the mouth of Chucky in Tennessee, the surface of the country below the town of

Gorgona is level. In company with enough passengers to pack four steers, we traveled 10 miles this afternoon over the mountains, such a road as I had no idea of before, generally lower than the surface of the earth, and in some places as much as 30 feet lower, paved with round river rocks, worn as smooth as glass by the tread of man and beast, mostly firm, but in many places washed loose; the road in some places 30 feet wide at top, and not more than 4 or 5 at bottom, and in many places in the bottom worn from 1 to 3 or 4 feet deep, a foot or two wide, by the foot of man and beast. I think of the distance from Cruces to Panama, 15 or 20 miles of it lies over a mighty ledge of mountains—we all walked across, became much fatigued but suffered no other injury from it. The river water, and the mountain water, and all the water is so warm that I cannot drink it, and we are compelled to use claret.

Wednesday, 29th, 1 p. m., arrived in the city of Panama, took a bath in the Bay, put on clean clothes, and feel much refreshed.—Thursday, 30th, not acquainted with Col. Gillman, Mr. Vaughn, Mr. James O'Brien, Mr. Wood, Mr. Wall and others from Tennessee. 29 of us took passage on the sail vessel *Cacholot*, to day, and expect to leave on the fifth of June, for San Francisco; no steamers in port but such as are full. A grand Catholic procession to-day, Corpus Christi, presenting the body of Christ. Several Cathedrals here, a population of 6000—the streets are narrow and with the back places, remarkably filthy.—Saturday, June 1st, all well. Two carts are running here, I have seen no other carriage of any description, not even a wheel barrow, in all New Grenada.—Thousands of buzzards infest this city, and among the dogs live on its filth.

It has rained every day since we came to the isthmus. There is general health here, 7 or 8 natives and one New Yorker killed two weeks since in a mistaken attack. Mr. Wall had merely aided in taking a native who had stolen a trunk containing \$800 of gold. The Governor says he will hang the native.

Sunday, June 21—preached a sermon to day among the tents in the Grove, from Job 15 and 21, "what is the Almighty, that we should serve him?" Attentive congregation.

Wednesday, 3d—all our friends are well. This city is said to be 600 years old. Several Cathedrals, one of the largest and oldest looking I have ever seen.

I find it almost impossible to write you such a letter as I should like, and you can publish all, or any part, or none of these two sheets, just as may suit your taste and convenience.

We may arrive in California in a couple of months, or less time, the trips are generally made to 25 or 30 days. I may write you again on my arrival, this letter I suppose will not leave till about the 10th inst. My respects to enquiring friends.

Respectfully,  
GEORGE HORN.

P. S. My rheumatic pains since I left Charleston South Carolina, have entirely left me, and my health has not been so good, save sea sickness, in ten years.

There is a hymn in one of the New England Puritan collections, commencing "Purge me with hyssop, and make me clean," which was given out on Sunday morning. The clerk set the hymn to the wrong tune, which he did not discover until he had twice or three endeavored to execute the first sentence, "Purge me with hyssop," etc. At length, out of all patience, an old lady who led the treble, winced out, "Hush! you better take some other yarb, Mr. R.—"

THE THREE CASES.—A few weeks ago a lonely traveller was seen approaching a solitary log hut which stands fifty miles from any house, in the centre of a western prairie. The tenant of the cabin was much struck by the woe-begone looks of the traveller, who approached holding his knapsack in his hand. The following conversation took place:

"What is your opinion of the Webster case?" asked the traveller.

"Never heard of it," answered the squatter.

"And what do you think of the Forrest Divorce case?"

"Never heard of him, nayther," responded the squatter.

"And—as to the Galphin claim," continued the traveller.

"Never heard of him," was the quick response of the squatter.

The traveller burst into tears.

"Stranger!" he cried, in an outburst of joy—"I will stay with you three weeks. It will take about three weeks for those three cases to reach this quarter; and when they do—why then I'll strike out for Japan!"

He was a man who had been bored into madness by reading newspaper discussions on the three cases.

It is said that twenty million of dollars have been grabbed by foreigners in California since its occupation, while Uncle Samuel's servants at Washington are still wrangling about its admission into the Union, and doing nothing to protect the old gentleman's interests "out there." Unhappy Samuel!

A young gentleman who advertises for a wife, in one of the daily papers, says that he is "desirous of forming a connection with a young lady who considers herself capable of bringing up a large family of children." He'll do.

## LAWS OF ETIQUETTE.

We intend at the request of several young gentlemen in standing collars, who are about to 'come out,' to publish a complete guide-book of the Laws of Etiquette, improved and corrected so as to suit our meridian.

### CHAPTER I.

Young gentlemen seeing ladies to church are not expected to enter the sanctuary. The custom is to remain outside and beguile dull time by smoking cigars, telling stories and eating up anices. In this manner they are enabled to kill two birds with one stone. Should a brave public opinion so far as actual counts, light your seat in church, be sure to carry a big plug of tobacco, and to spit all around you during the sermon.—This is apt to impart a very delicate tint to the dresses of the ladies, and will give them a very tender reminiscence of you when they get home.

It is highly improper to take young ladies to any place of amusement, concert, &c., when there is anything to pay. If it is a free gratis, for nothing exhibition it is considered very genteel to carry as many as you conveniently can.

When you are at a party it is highly improper to go to the room where the ladies are, as they much prefer to remain by themselves and be looked at from a distance. It is customary for gentlemen to huddle together in the hall or gallery and watch the preparations for supper. Never speak to or pay the least attention to married ladies as they have no business there, and besides they have husbands to attend to them.

When you gallant a young lady to the supper-table at a party be sure to, help yourself plentifully, and pay but little attention to her wants. This shows that you consider her a *divine creature*, above such vulgarities as eating.

When you travel in the stage and there are ladies present, it is very proper to be smoking long-nines or Fosterville greens. It proves that you are not extravagant, but an independent, manly fellow.

Execution.—The Paulding Clarion of the 25th ult. contains the confession of the negro Greely, who was convicted of murder, in Jasper county, Miss. Her confession is a detail of one of the most bloody and cruel deeds that mark the annals of crime—the murder of Dr. Longson, his wife and child. She says she chopped off the head of the doctor with a broad-axe, while he lay asleep. When the wife awoke and attempted to escape, she knocked her down with a "chunk," and then killed her by heating in her head. She then killed the child and set fire to the house, first killing the doctor's pantaloons. On Friday, the 24th, the fiend was hanged.

Missouri politics daily grow more and more complicated, and so far as the democracy is concerned, more and more amusing. The Bentonites hold a convention and nominate candidates, whereupon the anti-Bentonites call another convention, proclaim that the democracy has not been fairly represented, and nominate an opposing set of candidates. The Whigs in the meantime are acting very judiciously.—Wherever they find two democratic opponents in the field, or find that they have an independent and reliable majority, they nominate good Whig candidates and prepare to harvest an easy victory. Our democratic friends should read *Æsop*, and find how the cheese was divided. They are likely to afford an analogous case in political history.—*Mem. Eagle*.

A coloured divine, in speaking of a reformed infidel, wound up his description thus: "De last word dat dis dyin' man was hard to say: de last word he was known to speak; de last word he was noticed to utter; de last word he ever pronounced; de last syllable he ever breathed; de last idea he ever ejaculated; yes, my brethren, de berry last word he ever was known to breathe forth, sound or articulate, was—g-o-d-h-l-y!"

DECIDEDLY A HIT.—"Sir," said a pompous personage, who once undertook to bully an editor, "do you know that I take your paper?" "I've no doubt you take it," replied the man of the quill, "for several of my honest subscribers have been complaining lately about their papers being stolen in the morning."

ODD FELLOWSHIP IN VIRGINIA.—From the printed proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Virginia, at the April session, the Winchester Republican gathers the following statistics, showing that the Order is prospering in the Old Dominion:

During the past year, 18 Lodges have been instituted, making the whole number in the State 92; number initiated, 1220; suspended, 320; expelled, 59; rejected, 146, total revenue of the subordinate Lodges, \$34,574; number of contributing members, 5429; brothers relieved, widowed, families relieved, 115; brothers buried, 65; amount paid for relief of brothers, \$8,862.34; for relief of widowed families, \$2,354.71, for educating orphans \$944.12; for burying the dead, \$1,528.68, total amount of relief, \$14,689.55.

## TO AN INFANT DAUGHTER DURING SICKNESS.

Come to my arms and lay thy head Upon thy mother's breast, And lift those soft blue eyes, and smile As if thou lovest it best; For oh! 'tis midnight with my heart, And every star that shone So brilliant in life's firmament, Is waning, or has gone.

My God! I would not pine at night Thy justice should decree, Yet spare this fluttering leaf that hangs Upon a blasted tree! For she's my life's Eolian harp, Which, as the storms rush by, Draws music from the tempest cloud, And sweetness from a sigh.

Father of mercy! many a pang Hath rack'd this aching brain; Old tear not thou another link, From feeling's broken chain! In prayer I've asked submission still, To say "Thy will be done!" But, like the sea-shell tar removed, Love mureous for its own.

DEPLORABLE AFFAIR.—A *Bride shot!*—A couple named Anthony Putnam and Catharine Soumeier, were married in Cincinnati, on Tuesday, and while returning to the residence of the father of the bride, a duelling pistol was fired at the party by a young man named Richard Overbeck. The Commercial says:

Some sixty shot entered the bride's face, neck and bosom! Some shot passing her took effect in the face of Joseph Linenbuegel. Both were much injured, but the young bride is in an awful situation, and it was feared she would die. It was impossible to extract the shot, as they were deeply imbedded in the flesh, and so near the jugular vein. Some, it was found, had penetrated near the brain. The young husband, when our reporter saw the couple, was wiping the blood from his wife's wounds, as it oozed out. The wife was in great agony; a crowd of some three hundred persons were standing round. The fellow who discharged the pistol had fled to Kentucky. Dr. Cooper attended the unfortunate people. There were little hopes of the recovery of the wife. What a sad affair!

A letter from San Antonio, Texas, dated June 7th, represents the depredations of the Indians in that section as truly alarming. Their boldness is so great that they have actually killed persons within a mile of the city.—Two Germans, named Tollerin and Diegelman, were killed a short distance from San Antonio, on the Fredericksburg road. The ranches of F. Guibau and Matias Garille were attacked and plundered.

News has been received from Eagle Pass that Mr. B. B. Cain, formerly of Galveston, was killed at San Fernando, by John William Powers, (generally known by the name of Kentucky) on Wednesday, the 29th ult. It appears that Mr. Cain was assassinated in cold blood, from the testimony of persons who are conversant with the details. Mr. Cain being asleep, was grossly insulted by Powers, when, after awakening, Cain demanded who had so grossly outraged his person, and was informed that it was Powers. Mr. Cain went in pursuit of Powers, armed with a revolver, when he found after some search. Powers on finding Cain was armed, said, "Cain, don't kill me, I am not armed," upon which Cain threw away his arms, and said, "I'll fight you now, being unarmed myself." Upon which Powers, who is a man of double the strength of Cain, rushed upon him, caught him by the throat, drew a bowie knife, which he (Powers) had concealed, and at the first stab cut Cain's jugular vein, and inflicted, besides this thirteen other wounds, each one of which would have been mortal. Cain died instantly. His remains were brought to Eagle Pass, where he was in business, for interment. Powers, is in prison, and in double irons at San Fernando.

John Melcher, the oldest printer in the Union, died at Portsmouth, N. H., on Sunday morning, June 9, aged 90 years. He was an apprentice to Daniel Fowler, who introduced the first printing press into New Hampshire in 1756, and was proprietor of the Portsmouth Gazette during the revolution, when it was a strong advocate of the rights of the people, as it has been ever since.

TO CURE THE SCRAFFLES IN HORSES.—Wash the affected parts thoroughly with warm water soap suds, rub them severely with a comb, and then apply beef brine. One application will usually effect a cure. Rub the part which is affected, every day with a comb, and you will seldom need to do anything more.

A FARMER.

## PUBLIC MORALS.

The state of the public morals is bad—the tendency of the times is downward. Why is it so? Labor is not respected, and men seek to obtain their living by their wits or their wickedness, and not by their hands. Once it was not so. Everybody was industrious. A drone was as singular a being, in our highways and market places, as a white African. Few had soft, white hands. Husbandmen drove the plow, sowed the land, and gathered in the harvest, while their neighbors toiled at some mechanical pursuit. Then people were happy. You seldom heard of a suicide, or an unfortunate gentleman. Of gentlemen there were none—excepting a few well fed and fat paupers—and these were not respected by the people.

Now what must be done to restore the morals of the people? Labor and laboring men must be respected. A mechanic must be considered as honorable as a professional man. Our sons must learn to work in some shape or another, and be taught that he is the best man, and does the most for the world, who works—that the sponger or the drone—no matter what his education or talents may be—is a curse to society. If our young men are made to believe that labor is honorable, and a leather apron is no disgrace, the morals of the public will at once begin to improve—we shall hear of less intemperance and vice, and fewer police reports will disgrace the columns of our newspapers.—Idleness, my friends, is the chief cause of the immoralities of the people.—Habits of industry would at once check the tide of evil that is threatening all that is good in morality and virtue.

Lazy drone, what will you do to remedy the evil? It is high time for you to awake. What if your parents did not inculcate a disposition to work—you have seen the evil of your course and it is not too late to repent and reform.

Sponger, what will you do? Still suck the life blood from the community and tear up the very foundations of good order? At once find something to do, and you will soon wear off your mischievous habits and become a man again. There is no time to be lost. If you ever expect to look up again, now is the time to act.

## GHOSTS AND GHOST STORIES.

Ghost stories are absurd. Whenever a real ghost appears—by which I mean some man or woman dressed up to frighten another—if the supernatural character of the apparition has been for a moment believed, the effects on the spectator have always been most terrible—convulsion, idiotcy, madness, or even death on the spot. Consider the awful description in the Old Testament of the effects of a spiritual presence on the prophets and seers of the Hebrews; the terror, the exceeding great dread, the utter loss of all animal power. But in our common ghost stories you always find that the seer, after the most appalling apparition, as you are to believe, is quite well the next day. Perhaps he may have a headache; but that is the outside of the effect produced. Alston, a man of genius, and the best painter yet produced by America, when he was in England told me an anecdote which confirms what I have been saying. It was, I think, in the University of Cambridge, near Boston, that a certain youth took into his wise head to endeavor to convert a Tom Painsish companion of his by appearing as a ghost before him. He accordingly dressed himself in the usual way, having previously extracted the ball from the pistol which always lay near the head of his friend's bed. Upon awakening, and seeing first the apparition, the youth who was to be frightened, A, very coolly looked his companion, the ghost, in the face, and said, "I know you. This is a good joke; but you see I am not frightened. Now you may vanish!" The ghost stood still. "Come," said A, "that is enough. I shall get angry. Away!" Still the ghost moved not. "By—" ejaculated A, "if you do not in three minutes go away, I'll shoot you." He waited the time, deliberately levelled the pistol, fired, and with a scream at the immobility of the figure, became convulsed and afterwards died. The very instant he believed it to be a ghost, his human nature fell before it.—*Colbridge's Table Talk*.

Opinions may be considered as the shadows of knowledge. If our knowledge be accurate, our opinions will be just. It is very important then that we do not adopt an opinion too hastily.